BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 14

# NUTTY

IR-23p (Inc. VAT)

No. 184 August 20th, 1983 EVERY SATURDAY 16p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

## BANANAMAN

POW!

LAST WEEK, THE TINY TERROR, TV CRIMES, GOT INSIDE OUR HERO'S TELLY AND PRETENDED TO BE A NEWSREADER. IN REVENGE FOR GIVING OUT FAKE NEWS BANANAMAN MADE HIM DISPLAY HIS OTHER TV TALENTS.

Yakitty-blah-blah!

HO! HO! He's not bad for a little toad-featured ferret.

And now for our cookery programme.

GOSH! I didn't know he could cook as well.

SHORTLY—

And now mix in the rotten eggs with the tapioca, not forgetting the diced turnip and heap of curry powder.

This is jolly interesting.

It is now ready for scoffing.

SCHLURPH!

Go easy, Boss.

BLEGH! Tastes like braised skunk in polecat sauce.

SQUAWRK!

PHTOOM!

Now, Viewers, it's keep-fit time.

This should be healthier for me.

AND me!

First bend forward and clasp your hands behind your knees.

STRAIN

Done that—now what?

Now push your hands through between your legs as far as you can.

OOF! Yes—done that too.

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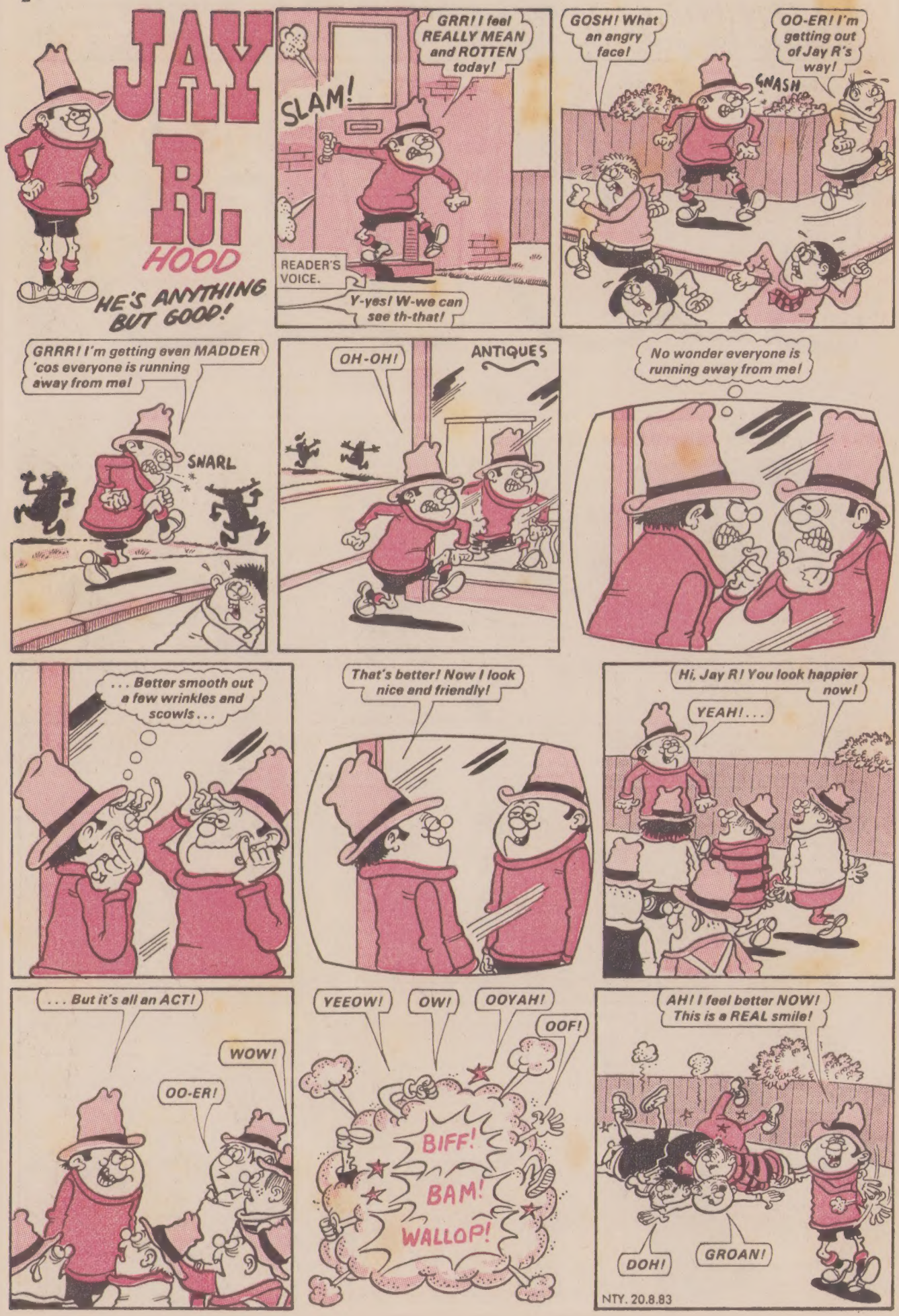
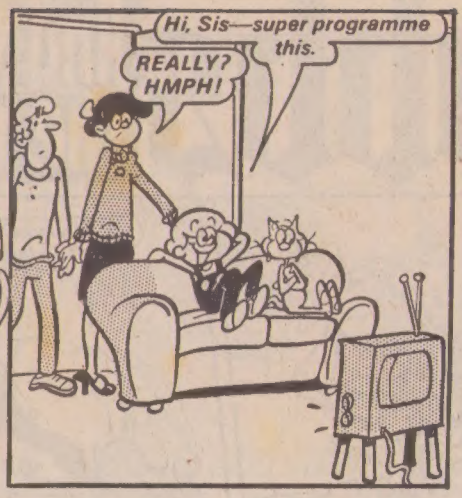

JAY R. HOOD
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!
SLAM!
GRR! I feel REALLY MEAN and ROTTEN today!
READER'S VOICE.
Y-yes! W-we can see th-that!
GOSH! What an angry face!
OO-ER! I'm getting out of Jay R's way!
SNASH
GRRR! I'm getting even MADDER 'cos everyone is running away from me!
SNARL
OH-OH!
ANTIQUES
No wonder everyone is running away from me!
... Better smooth out a few wrinkles and scowls...
That's better! Now I look nice and friendly!
Hi, Jay R! You look happier now!
YEAH!...
... But it's all an ACT!
WOW!
OO-ER!
YEEOW!
OW!
OOYAH!
OOF!
BIFF!
BAM!
WALLOP!
AH! I feel better NOW! This is a REAL smile!
DOH!
GROAN!
NTY. 20.8.83

# PETER Pest


Hi, Sis—super programme this.
REALLY? HMPH!

It's time you were in bed.
HEAVE
CLAMP
NO, IT'S NOT!

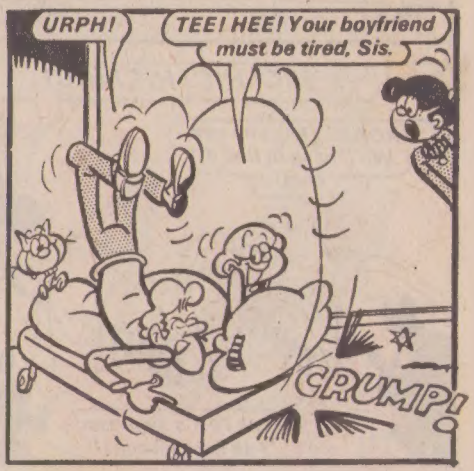
I'll prove it's not—I'll phone the speaking clock.
Okay—at least that way we'll know the exact time.

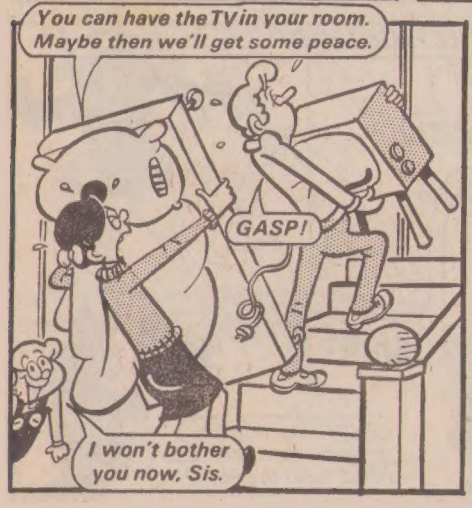
Howdy, Y'all—the time is seven twenty-five. 'Bye now.
See! It's still early.
SNORT! He's phoned America—their time's different from ours.

BED!
SIGH! OKAY!

VERY SOON...
BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!
WOW! What's that?—go and see.
EEK! M-ME?

CRASH!
I'm in bed, Sis—so can I watch the telly?
ZOOM!
YIKES!
PETER!

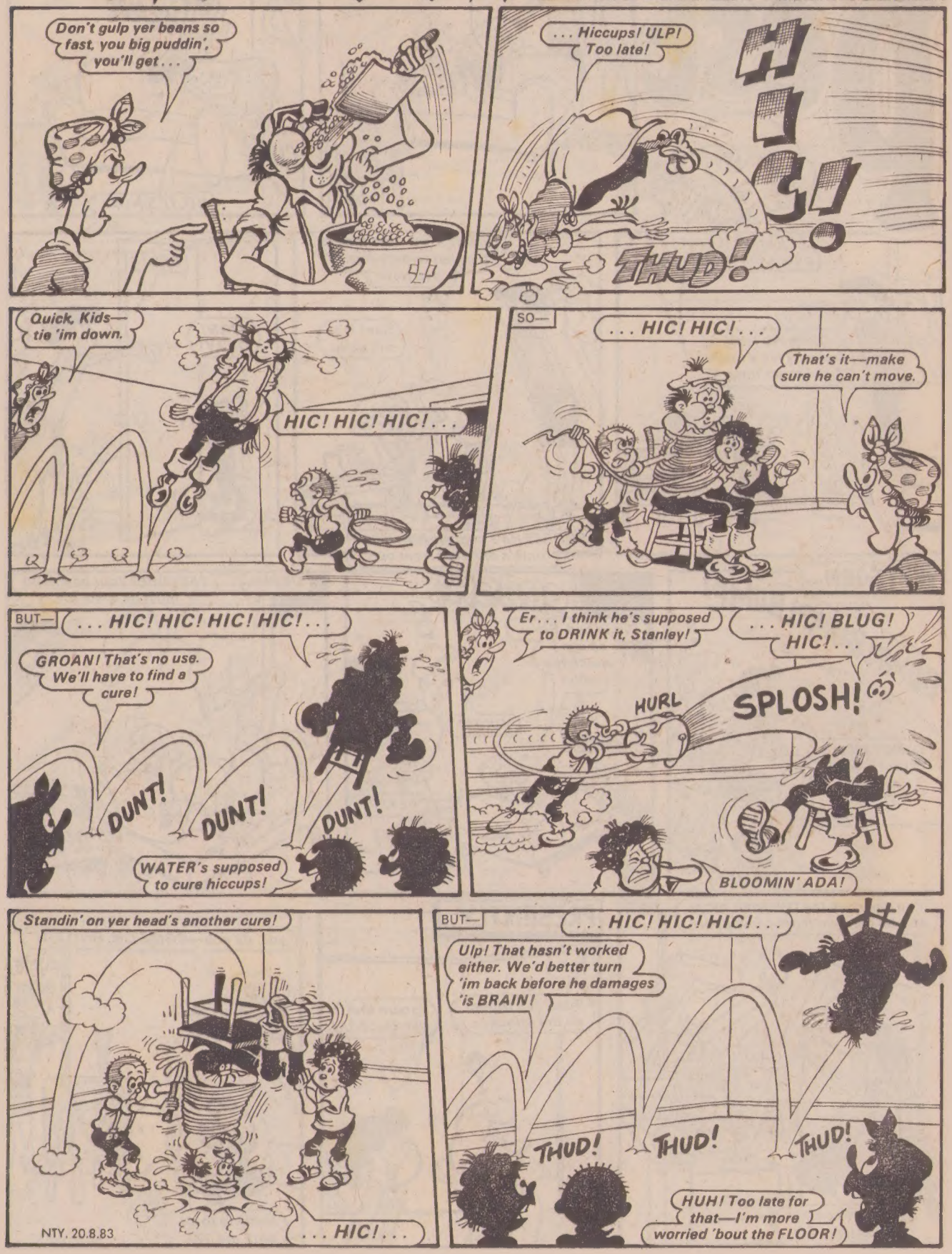

URPH!
TEE! HEE! Your boyfriend must be tired, Sis.
CRUMP!

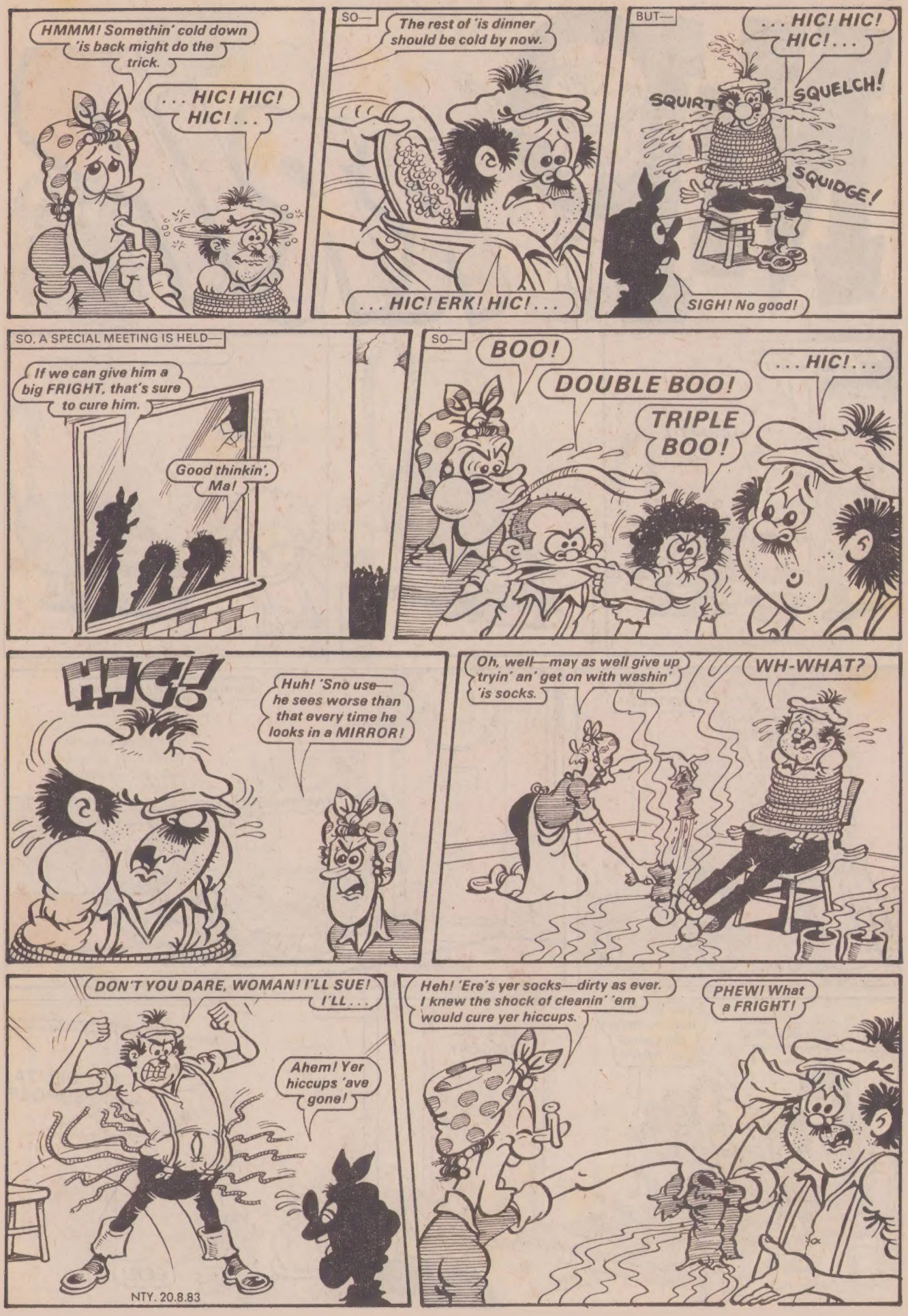

You can have the TV in your room. Maybe then we'll get some peace.
GASP!
I won't bother you now, Sis.

PRESENTLY...
Roar! It's United on the attack . . .
Ignore that din, Hubert.

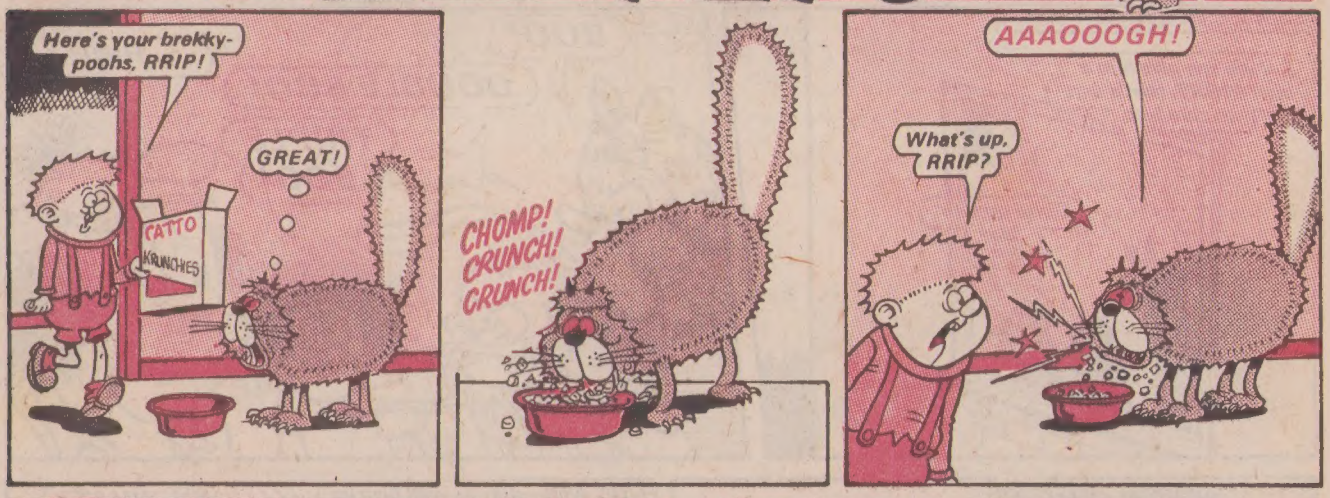
You don't mind if I join you, do you—COME ON, UNITED!
FUME!
FOOT BALL DAFT!
Nothing to do with me, Sis.
NTY. 20.8.83

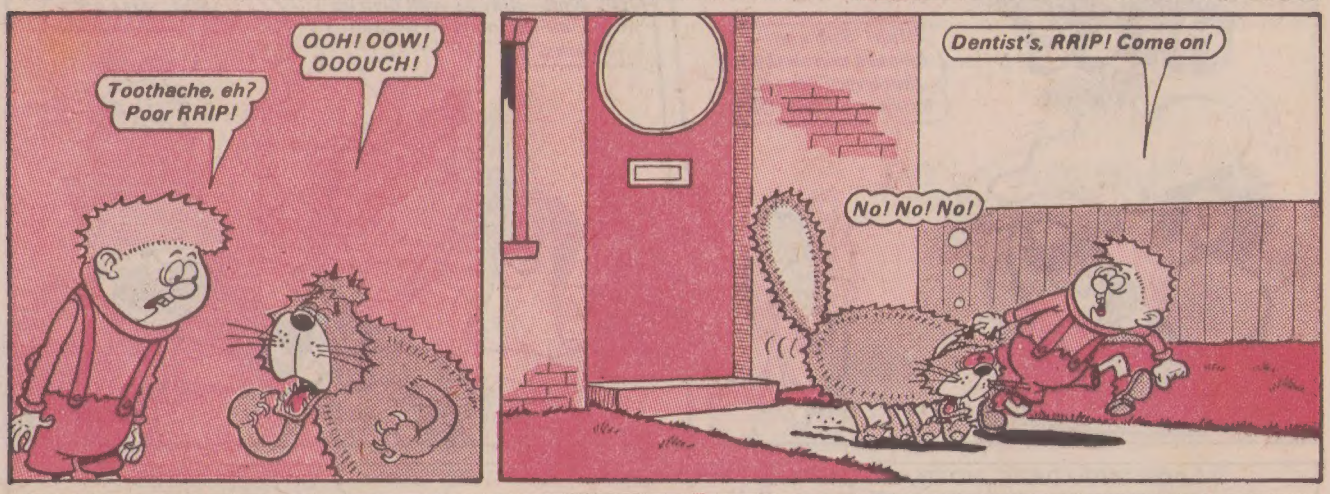
# The Snobbs And the SLOBBS

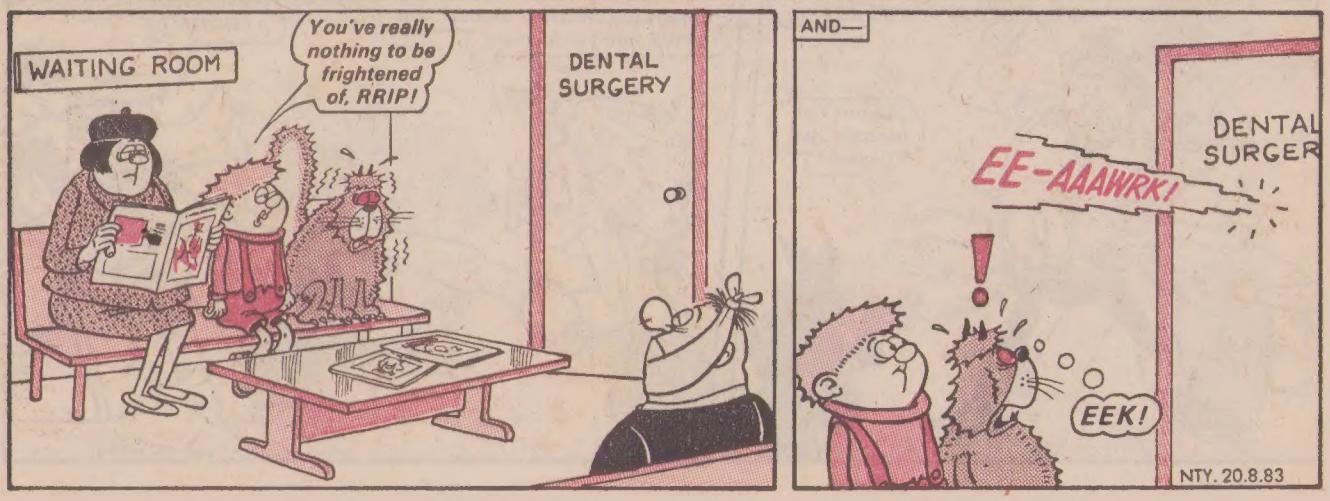

Don't gulp yer beans so fast, you big puddin', you'll get . . .
. . . Hiccups! ULP! Too late!
H I C!
THUD!
Quick, Kids— tie 'im down.
HIC! HIC! HIC! . . .
SO—
. . . HIC! HIC! . . .
That's it—make sure he can't move.
BUT—
. . . HIC! HIC! HIC! HIC! . . .
GROAN! That's no use. We'll have to find a cure!
DUNT!
DUNT!
DUNT!
WATER's supposed to cure hiccups!
Er . . . I think he's supposed to DRINK it, Stanley!
. . . HIC! BLUG! HIC! . . .
HURL
SPLOSH!
BLOOMIN' ADA!
Standin' on yer head's another cure!
NTY. 20.8.83
. . . HIC! . . .
BUT—
. . . HIC! HIC! HIC! . . .
Ulp! That hasn't worked either. We'd better turn 'im back before he damages 'is BRAIN!
THUD!
THUD!
THUD!
HUH! Too late for that—I'm more worried 'bout the FLOOR!

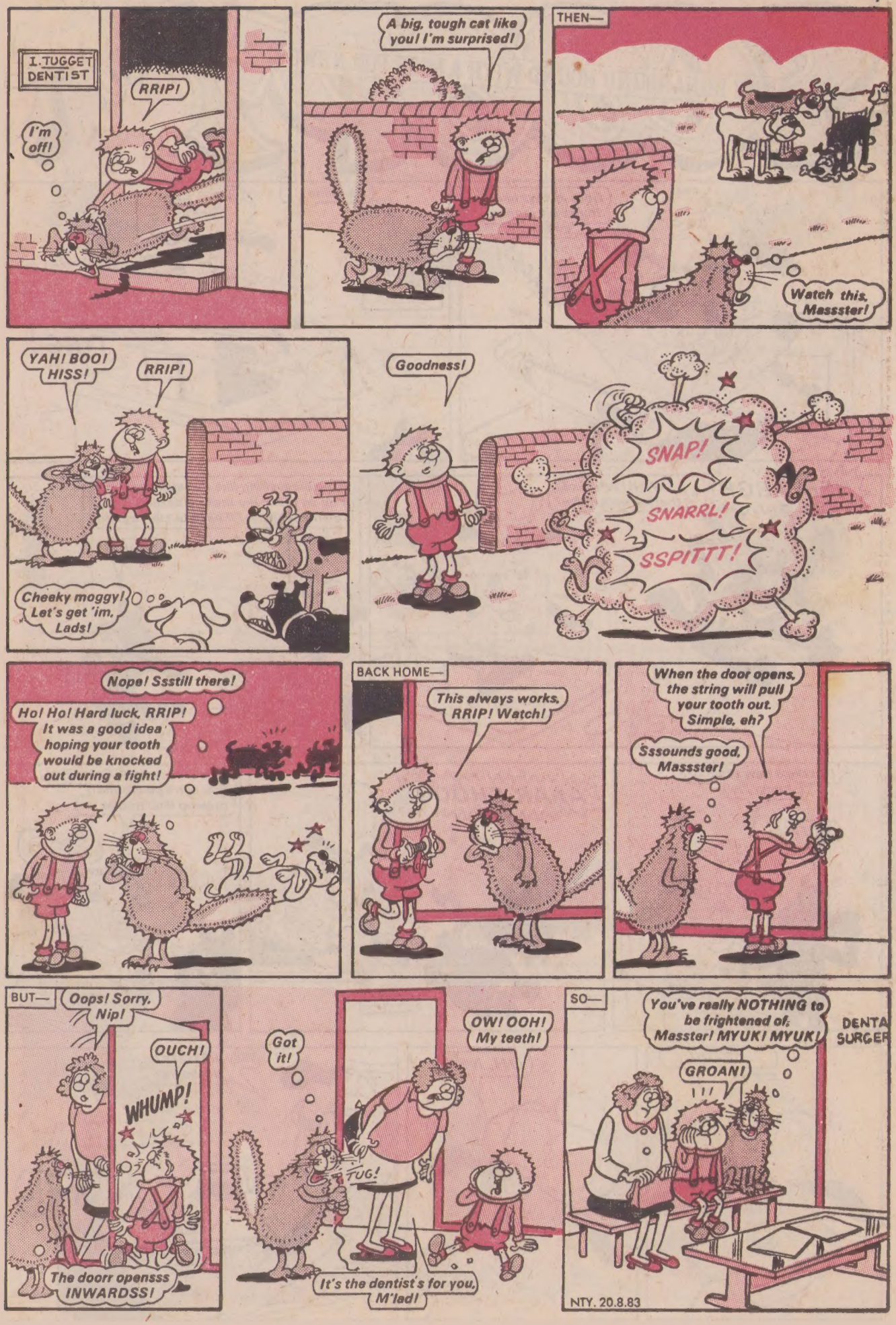

HMMM! Somethin' cold down 'is back might do the trick.
. . . HIC! HIC! HIC! . . .
SO—
The rest of 'is dinner should be cold by now.
. . . HIC! ERK! HIC! . . .
BUT—
. . . HIC! HIC! HIC! . . .
SQUIRT
SQUELCH!
SQUIDGE!
SIGH! No good!
SO, A SPECIAL MEETING IS HELD—
If we can give him a big FRIGHT, that's sure to cure him.
Good thinkin', Ma!
SO—
BOO!
DOUBLE BOO!
TRIPLE BOO!
. . . HIC! . . .
HIC!
Huh! 'Sno use— he sees worse than that every time he looks in a MIRROR!
Oh, well—may as well give up tryin' an' get on with washin' 'is socks.
WH-WHAT?
DON'T YOU DARE, WOMAN! I'LL SUE! I'LL . . .
Ahem! Yer hiccups 'ave gone!
NTY. 20.8.83
Heh! 'Ere's yer socks—dirty as ever. I knew the shock of cleanin' 'em would cure yer hiccups.
PHEW! What a FRIGHT!

# NIP and RRIP


Here's your brekky-poohs, RRIP!
GREAT!
CATTO KRUNCHIES
CHOMP! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
AAAOOOGH!
What's up, RRIP?


Toothache, eh? Poor RRIP!
OOH! OOW! OOOUCH!
Dentist's, RRIP! Come on!
No! No! No!


WAITING ROOM
You've really nothing to be frightened of, RRIP!
DENTAL SURGERY
AND—
DENTAL SURGER
EE-AAAWRK!
!
EEK!
NTY. 20.8.83


I.TUGGET DENTIST
RRIP!
I'm off!
A big, tough cat like you! I'm surprised!
THEN—
Watch this, Massster!
YAH! BOO! HISS!
RRIP!
Cheeky moggy! Let's get 'im, Lads!
Goodness!
SNAP!
SNARRL!
SSPITTT!
Nope! Ssstill there!
Ho! Ho! Hard luck, RRIP! It was a good idea hoping your tooth would be knocked out during a fight!
BACK HOME—
This always works, RRIP! Watch!
When the door opens, the string will pull your tooth out. Simple, eh?
Sssounds good, Massster!
BUT—
Oops! Sorry, Nip!
OUCH!
WHUMP!
The doorr opensss INWARDSS!
Got it!
TUG!
OW! OOH! My teeth!
It's the dentist's for you, M'lad!
SO—
You've really NOTHING to be frightened of, Massster! MYUK! MYUK!
GROAN!
!!!
DENTA SURGER
NTY. 20.8.83

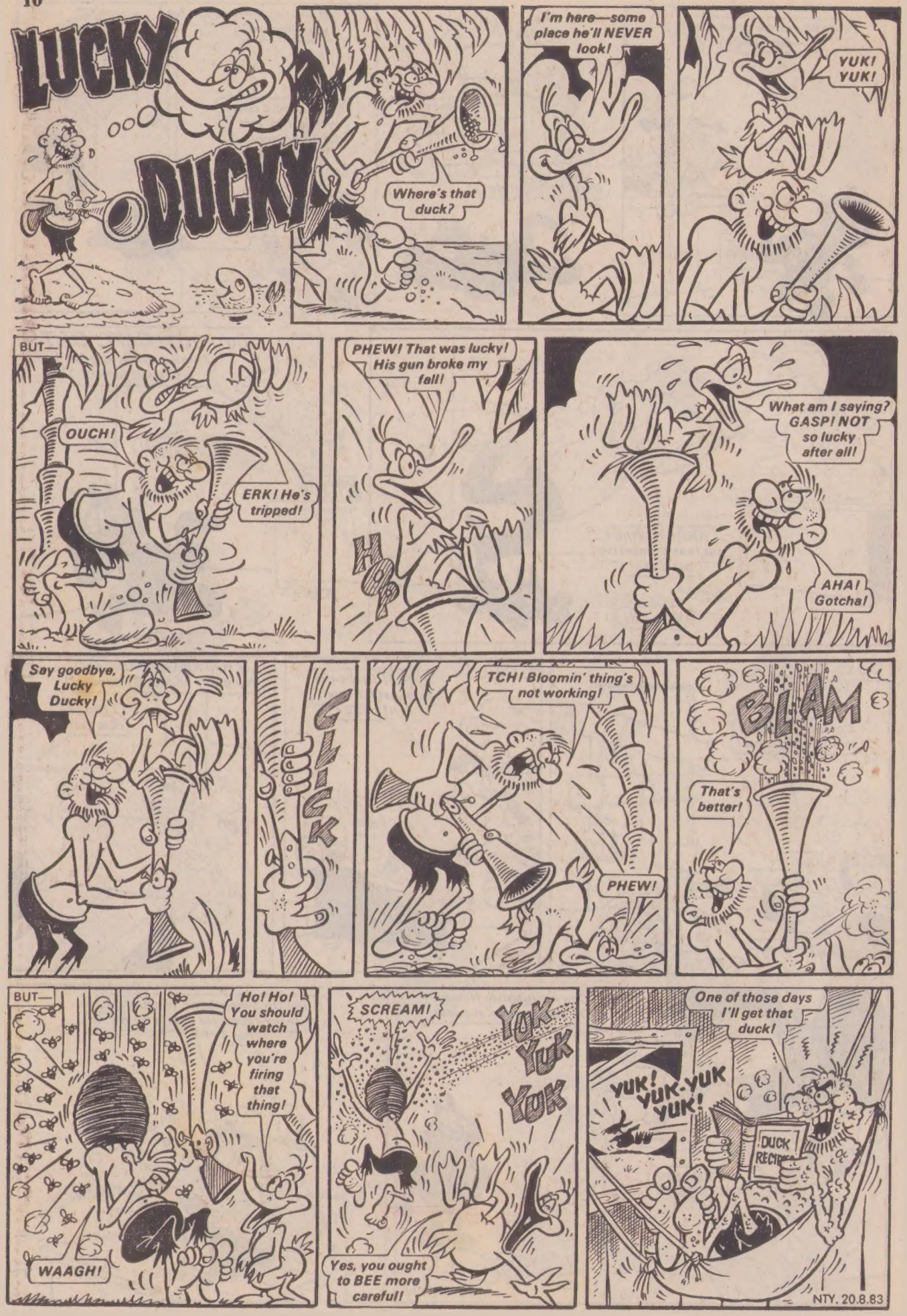
# SCOOP

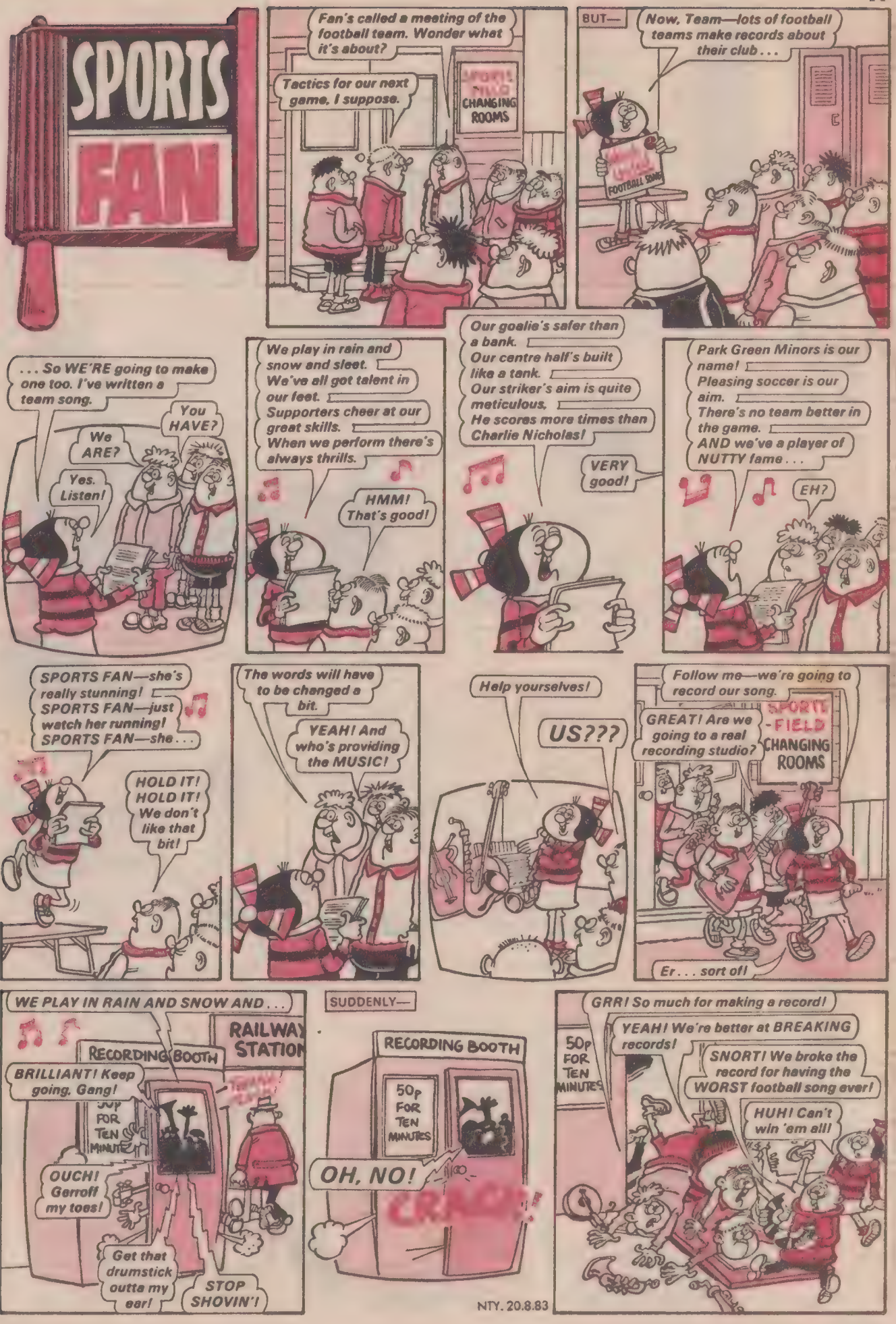
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

Boss always likes to get my reports on time.
CLICK! CLACK!
Next line . . .
OH - OH! THAT'S HOT COFFEE!
TING!
NEEYARGH!
WAH! What's that horrible noise?
CHOKKA!!!
Stop screeching like a scalded cat! You've made me make a dozen mistakes! Now I'll have to start again!
HMPH!
I'll take a new sheet of paper . . .
SNIFF!
AAAR-CHOOO!
Now, listen here, Cornelius! You can't go around making loud noises . . .
. . . OH-OH! . . .
OH, NO!
Why did I lean on the keyboard?

NTY. 20.8.83

Lie still and be quiet, Cat, —OR ELSE!
Must concentrate!
Here's another cuppa for you, Scoopy!
Thanks, Lad. I could use it. I'm just finishing my . . .
. . . GLOOB!
AARGH! Who put that slumbering cat there?
OOYAH!
OUT! OUT! OUT, CAT!
That's another copy of my report ruined!
Titter!
AND SO—
Corni won't get in to bother me now!
AT LAST—
THERE! That's the very last full stop! FINISHED!
Had a bit of difficulty doing this one, O, Greatness!
I can see that much!
'Cos it's rubbish, Hound! Do another one at once!
GASP!
YUK-YUK!
NTY. 20.8.83
GRR! Unsympathetic, heartless, moanin'-faced old goat! I hate his TYPE!
POUND
CLATTER!
CLACK!


LUCKY DUCKY
Where's that duck?
I'm here—some place he'll NEVER look!
YUK! YUK!
BUT—
OUCH!
ERK! He's tripped!
PHEW! That was lucky! His gun broke my fall!
What am I saying? GASP! NOT so lucky after all!
AHA! Gotcha!
Say goodbye, Lucky Ducky!
CLICK
TCH! Bloomin' thing's not working!
PHEW!
BLAM
That's better!
BUT—
Ho! Ho! You should watch where you're firing that thing!
WAAGH!
SCREAM!
YUK YUK YUK
Yes, you ought to BEE more careful!
One of those days I'll get that duck!
YUK! YUK-YUK YUK!
DUCK RECIPE
NTY. 20.8.83


SPORTS FAN
Fan's called a meeting of the football team. Wonder what it's about?
Tactics for our next game, I suppose.
CHANGING ROOMS
BUT—
Now, Team—lots of football teams make records about their club . . .
FOOTBALL SONG
. . . So WE'RE going to make one too. I've written a team song.
You HAVE?
We ARE?
Yes. Listen!
We play in rain and snow and sleet.
We've all got talent in our feet.
Supporters cheer at our great skills.
When we perform there's always thrills.
HMM! That's good!
Our goalie's safer than a bank.
Our centre half's built like a tank.
Our striker's aim is quite meticulous.
He scores more times than Charlie Nicholas!
VERY good!
Park Green Minors is our name!
Pleasing soccer is our aim.
There's no team better in the game.
AND we've a player of NUTTY fame . . .
EH?
SPORTS FAN—she's really stunning!
SPORTS FAN—just watch her running!
SPORTS FAN—she . . .
HOLD IT! HOLD IT! We don't like that bit!
The words will have to be changed a bit.
YEAH! And who's providing the MUSIC!
Help yourselves!
US???
Follow me—we're going to record our song.
GREAT! Are we going to a real recording studio?
SPORTS -FIELD CHANGING ROOMS
Er . . . sort of!
WE PLAY IN RAIN AND SNOW AND . . .
RAILWAY STATION
RECORDING BOOTH
50p FOR TEN MINUTES
BRILLIANT! Keep going, Gang!
OUCH! Gerroff my toes!
Get that drumstick outta my ear!
STOP SHOVIN'!
SUDDENLY—
RECORDING BOOTH
50p FOR TEN MINUTES
OH, NO!
CRACK!
GRR! So much for making a record!
50p FOR TEN MINUTES
YEAH! We're better at BREAKING records!
SNORT! We broke the record for having the WORST football song ever!
HUH! Can't win 'em all!
NTY. 20.8.83

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

Now you fall flat on your back like the fat-headed buffalo that you are.

OOF!

SQUAWRPH!

Okay, T V Crimes—it's CLOSEDOWN for you.

LOOK OUT! There's something HORRIBLE and REVOLTING behind you.

For once that little weasel's telling the truth—I'm glad I don't look like that.

READER'S VOICE

SHEE! He's dimmer than a glow-worm in Pa Slobb's bath water.

Bye, Bananasucker!

DRAT! He's getting away.

Heh! He won't escape me—I've got my very own portable TV DETECTOR.

BLEEPITY!

MUCH BANANASEARCHING LATER—

AHA! I must be getting warm.

BEEP! BEEP!

GERONIMO! I've tracked him to his lair.

TV SHOP

BEEP! BEEP!

Grr! Come out, you little louse—I know you're in there.

I've heard of folk BREAKING INTO TELEVISION but this is ridiculous.

Ahem! My mistake—I think this should cover the damage.

I'm beginning to like him.

SOON

WHOOP!

YELL!

NUTTYTOWN SCHOOL

YAAHEE!

BY JOVE! School seems lively today.

That's the way, Kids—now put a frog up teacher's trouser leg.

The fiendlet! He's taken over the school's TV programme.

WOW! Now, Kids, blast Bananaman with lots of messy ink pellets.

Oo-er! And I've just had my costume dry cleaned too.

TAKE THAT!

I'm not really Bananaman, Kids—I'm the TV repair man.

Oh, sorry!

A little adjustment to the horizontal hold's all it needs.

AAGH! You're flattening me.

You win—I'm no match for your dynamic brain!

SHUCKS! FLAT-tery will get you everywhere.

NTY. 20.8.83

AT NUTTYTOWN POLICE STATION—

OOYAH!

HEH! Another crook DELIVERED into police custody.

LATER—

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Who can that be? Probably a million or so autograph hunters as usual.

Operating a TV without a licence—you're coming with us.

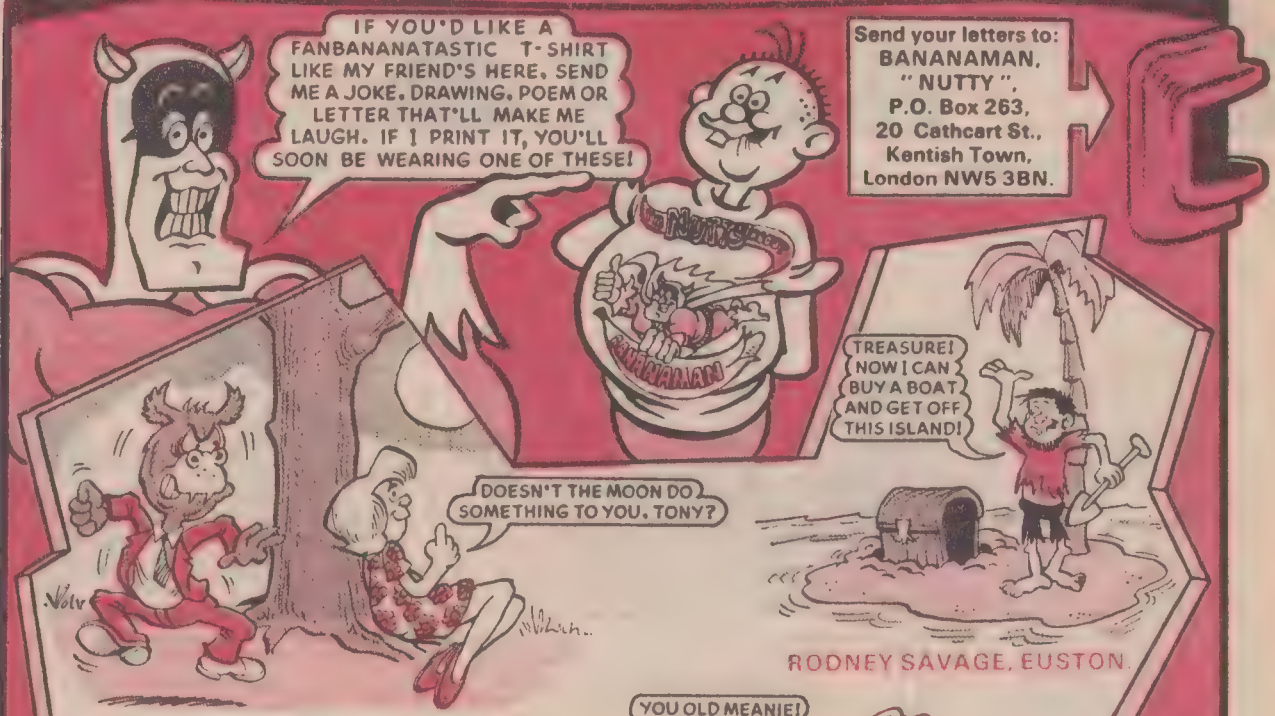
Bet you don't have a dog licence either, do you?

TV DETECTOR VAN

GULP! And what's worse, I don't even have a DOG. HELP!

NTY. 20.8.83

# BANANAMAN'S PILLARBOX!


IF YOU'D LIKE A FANBANANATASTIC T-SHIRT LIKE MY FRIEND'S HERE, SEND ME A JOKE, DRAWING, POEM OR LETTER THAT'LL MAKE ME LAUGH. IF I PRINT IT, YOU'LL SOON BE WEARING ONE OF THESE!
Send your letters to: BANANAMAN, " NUTTY ", P.O. Box 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London NW5 3BN.
DOESN'T THE MOON DO SOMETHING TO YOU, TONY?
TREASURE! NOW I CAN BUY A BOAT AND GET OFF THIS ISLAND!

MARC TURNER, CAMBERWELL.

RODNEY SAVAGE, EUSTON.

What is white and laughs? A TICKLED ONION!

SARAH QUINLAN, CARDIFF.

Doctor, Doctor! I feel like a cup of coffee. Doctor: So do I—put the kettle on!

RODDY WOOMBLE, DUNDEE.

YOU OLD MEANIE! YOU BROKE HIS SKATEBOARD!

*A man went into a department store and was just about to go up the escalator when he saw a notice saying, "Dogs must be carried." It took him over an hour to find one!*

ALISON LESLIE, SOUTHAMPTON.

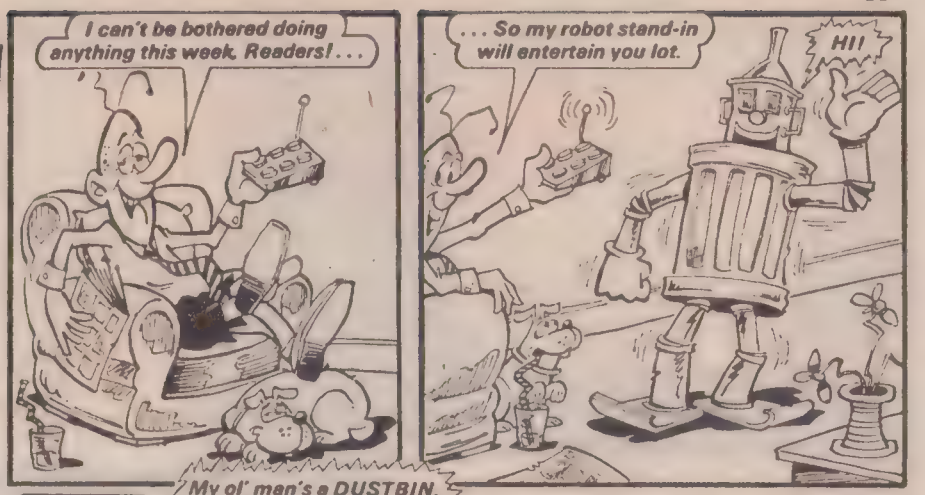
He must've been daft, Alison— I'd have used the STAIRS!

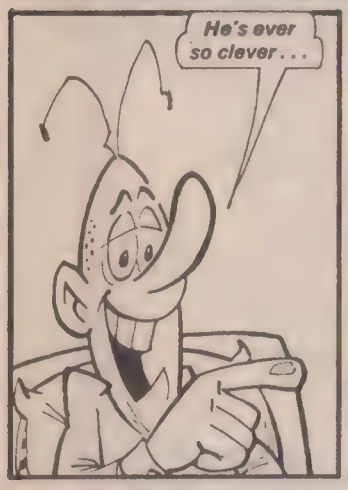
GARETH BRENNAN, NEWARK.

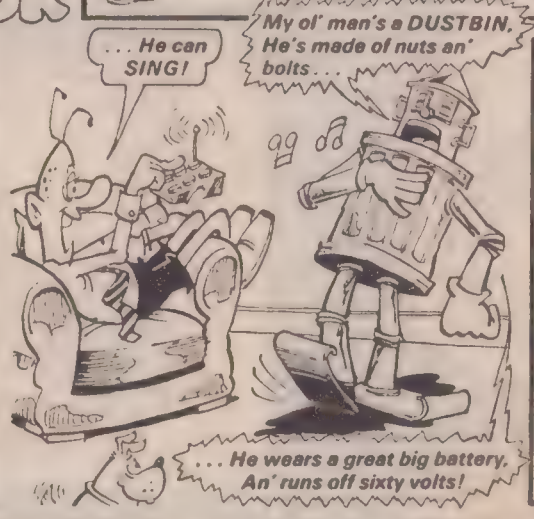
NTY. 20.8.83

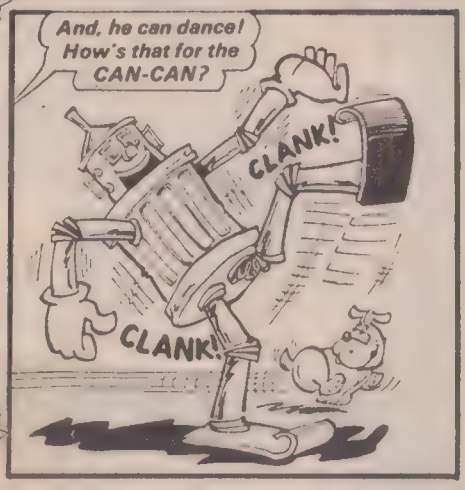
**P.S. DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE (IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) WITH YOUR LETTER!**

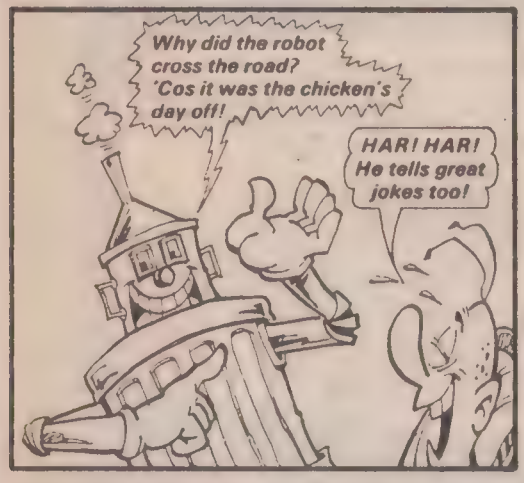
# WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR

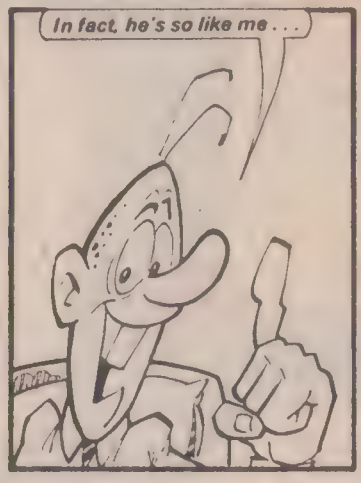


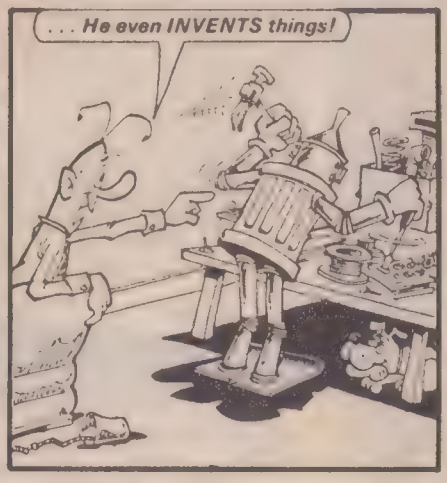



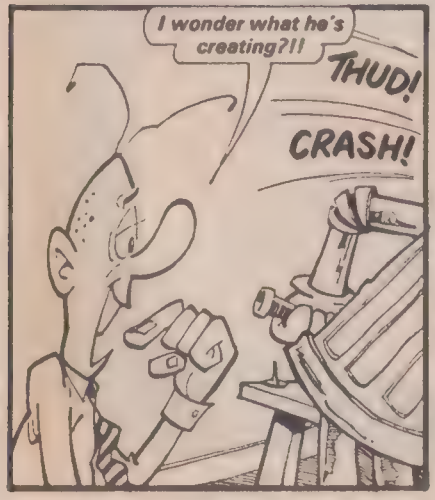

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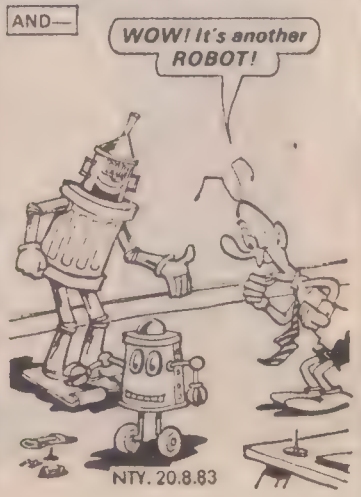
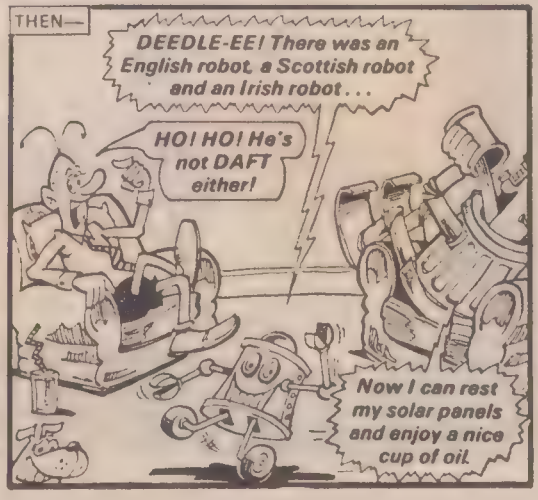



THEN—


DEEDLE-EE! There was an English robot, a Scottish robot and an Irish robot...
HO! HO! He's not DAFT either!
Now I can rest my solar panels and enjoy a nice cup of oil.

NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
YOU FIEND! Garages charge a fortune to fix HORNS nowadays!
Can I be mother?
Oh dear. Looks like we're in for a spot of rain!
Think I'll call it a day and watch the highlights on TV tonight!
Let's just say we didn't come all this way to say "hello"!
Come out here and say that!
Complicated, isn't it?
NTY. 20.8.83

ZZZZZ
SNOOZER
I've enrolled you in Madam Prancer's dance class. Maybe you'll move about a bit there!
YAWN!
SO—
Now, Class. Put your feet on the bar!
SNOOZER! I didn't say to put your CHIN on the bar!
ZZZ!
You can play the record player for everyone else to dance to!
YAWN! This is more like it!
Think I'll snatch forty winks!
SNOOZER!
Careless boy! You've switched the player on to FAST! My class are exhausted!
ZZZ!
FAST
Gretel! Come here! You'll show Snoozer how to dance!
Oo-er!
AND ---
Coo! How did she manage it? Snoozer's actually DANCING!
READER'S VOICE
Well, NEARLY dancing, that is! HO! HO!
One, two, three . . .
ZZZ!
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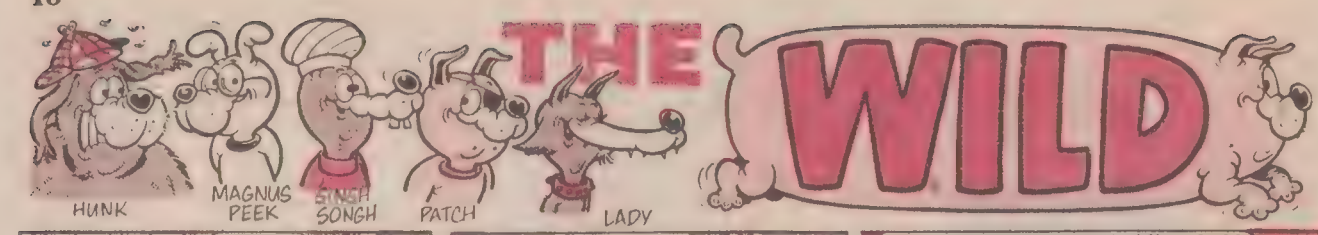
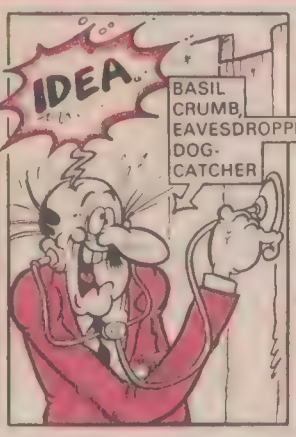

THE WILD
HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SINGH SONGH
PATCH
LADY

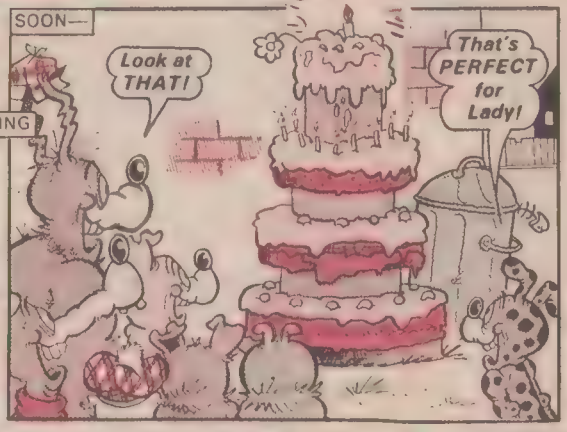
Ready, Rovers?
Lad-di-dah!

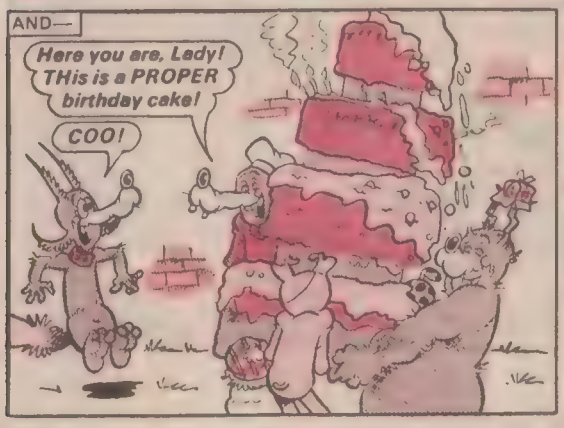
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LADY!
GOSH!

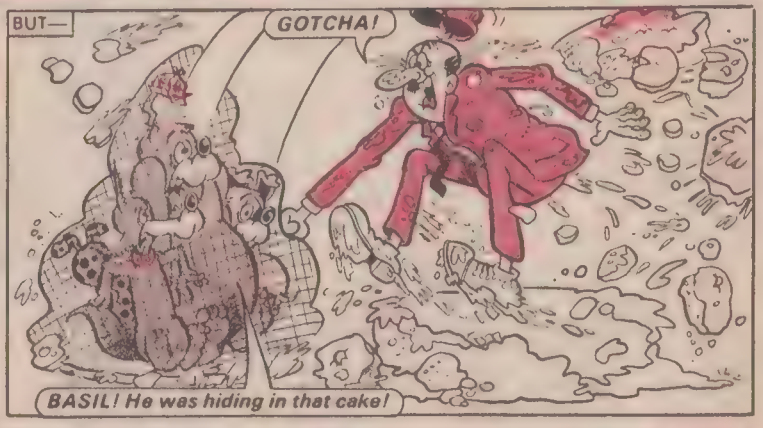
Here's your birthday cake! I'm afraid it's the best we can do!
Thanks, Fellahs!

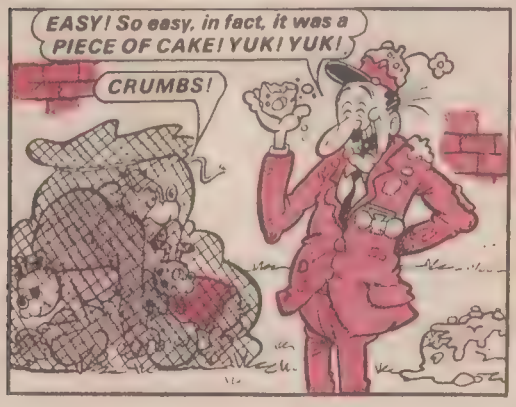
Wish we could get Lady a DECENT cake!

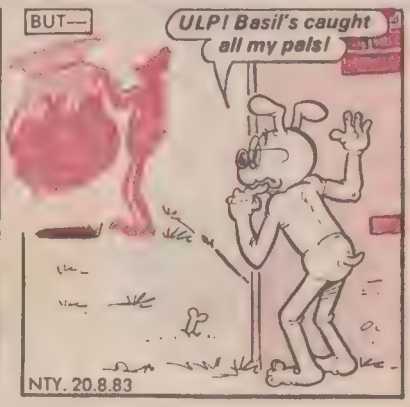

IDEA...
BASIL CRUMB, EAVESDROPPING DOG-CATCHER


SOON—
Look at THAT!
That's PERFECT for Lady!


AND—
Here you are, Lady! THis is a PROPER birthday cake!
COO!


BUT—
GOTCHA!
BASIL! He was hiding in that cake!


EASY! So easy, in fact, it was a PIECE OF CAKE! YUK! YUK!
CRUMBS!


BUT—
ULP! Basil's caught all my pals!
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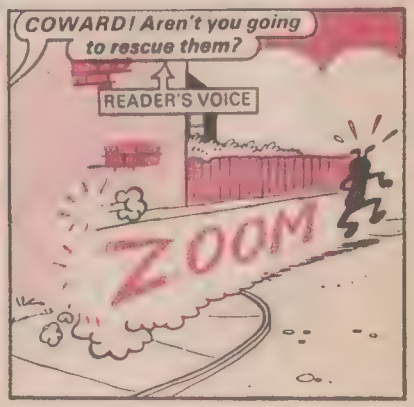
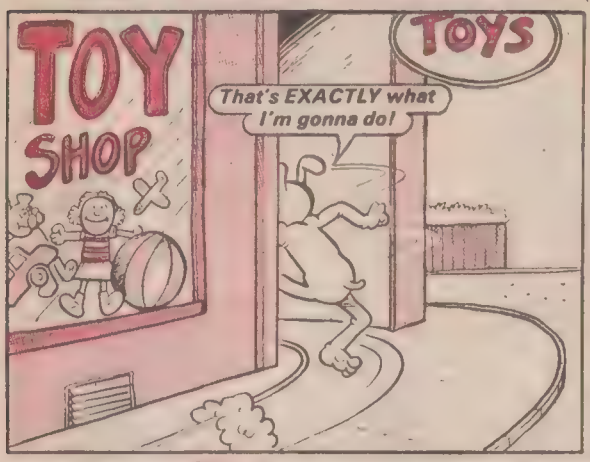
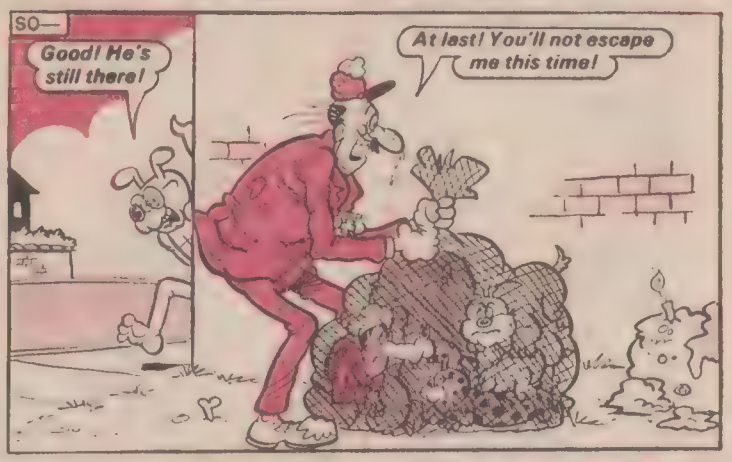
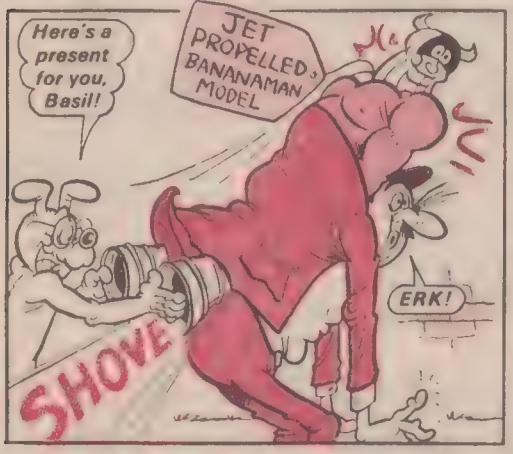

COWARD! Aren't you going to rescue them?
READER'S VOICE
ZOOM

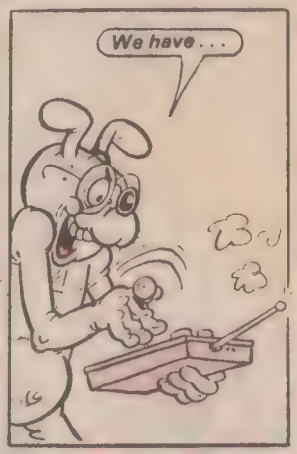
# ROVERS

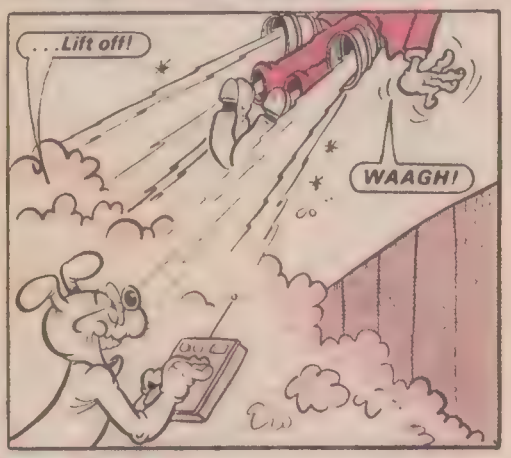
DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

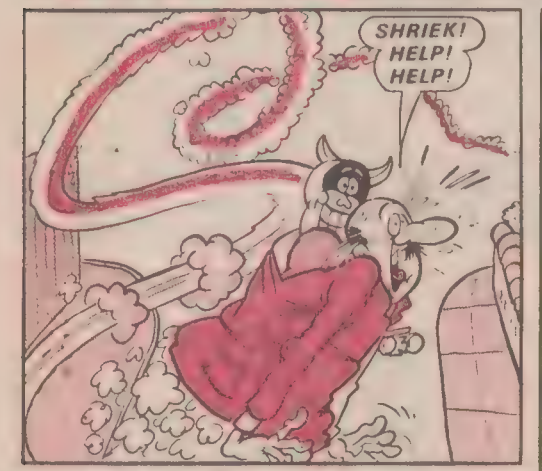

TOY SHOP
TOYS
That's EXACTLY what I'm gonna do!

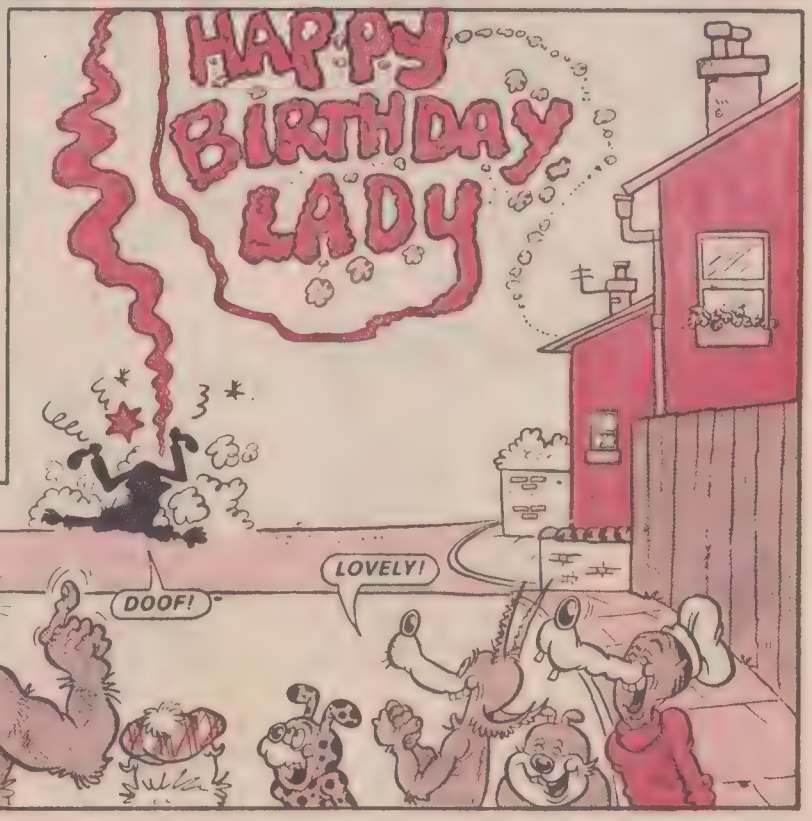

SO—
Good! He's still there!
At last! You'll not escape me this time!


Here's a present for you, Basil!
JET PROPELLED BANANAMAN MODEL
SHOVE
ERK!


We have . . .


. . . Lift off!
WAAGH!


SHRIEK! HELP! HELP!


HAPPY BIRTHDAY LADY
Well done, Magnus! Basil'll get a ROCKET from his boss for letting us go again!
DOOF!
LOVELY!
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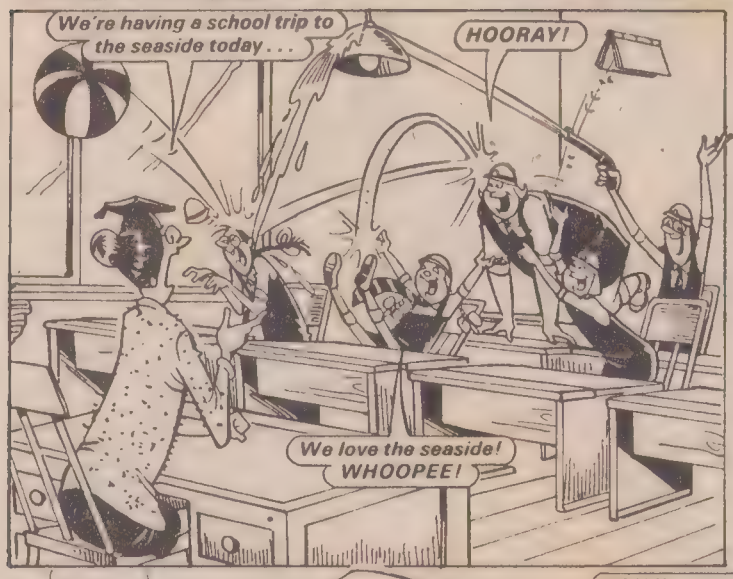
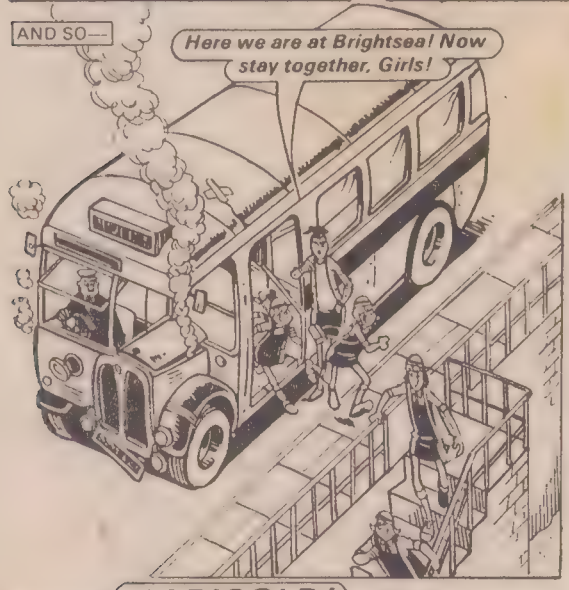
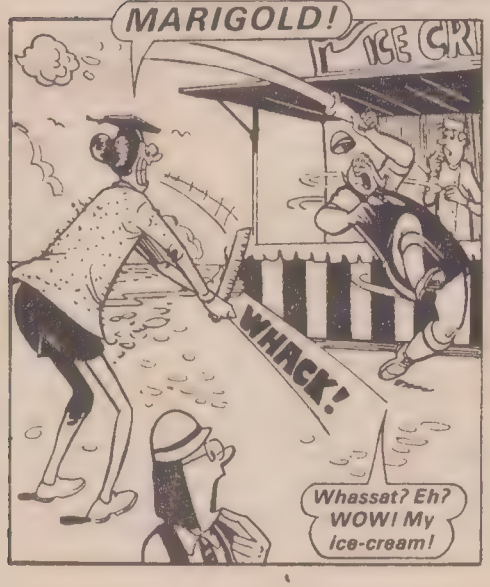
# The School Belles

DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD



QUIET! GRR! We're not going to ENJOY ourselves on the beach! We're going for an educational trip to study the wild life of the seashore!
AW, NO!
What a drag!





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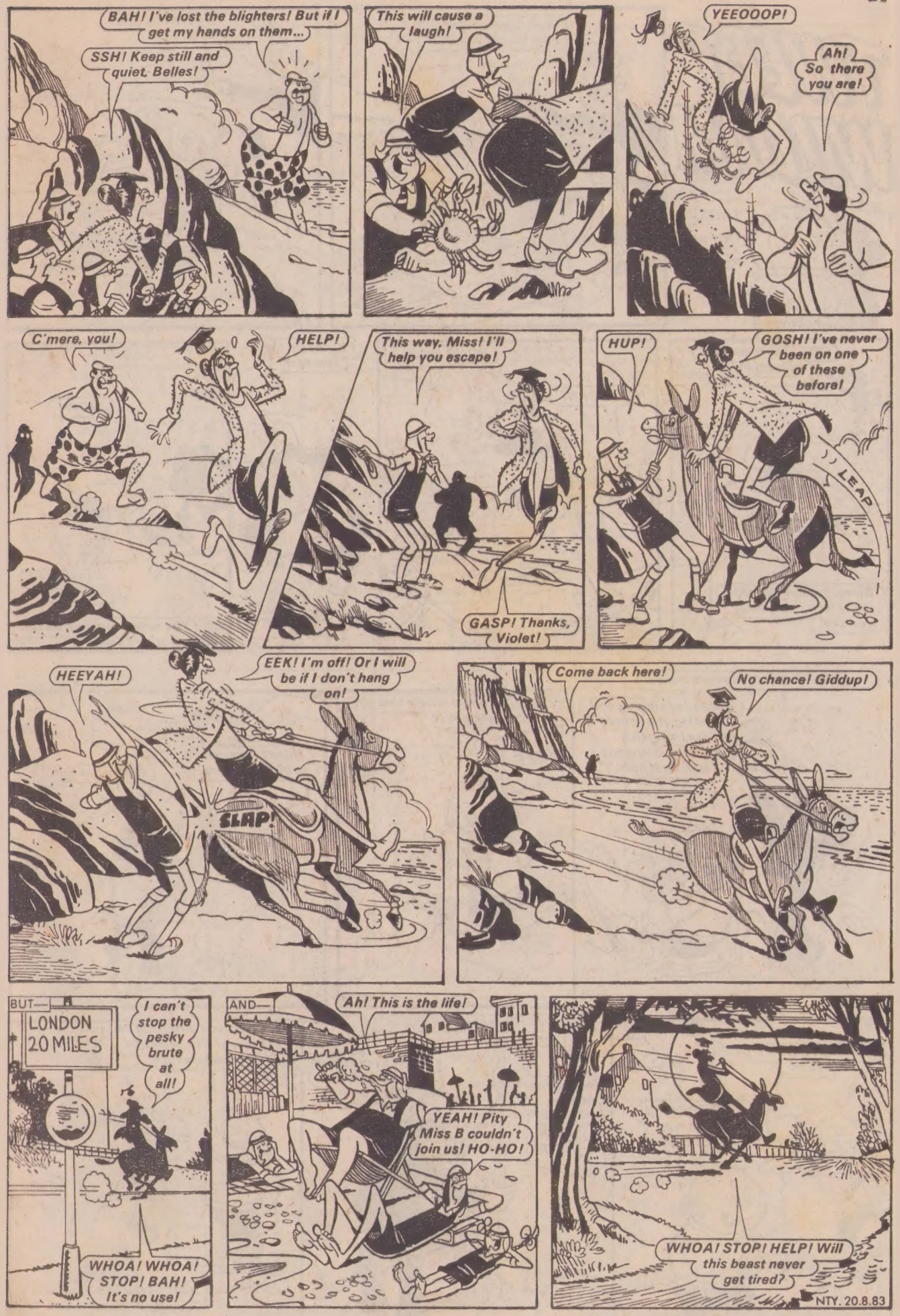
BAH! I've lost the blighters! But if I get my hands on them...
SSH! Keep still and quiet, Belles!
This will cause a laugh!
YEEOOOP!
Ah! So there you are!
C'mere, you!
HELP!
This way, Miss! I'll help you escape!
GASP! Thanks, Violet!
HUP!
GOSH! I've never been on one of these before!
LEAP
HEEYAH!
EEK! I'm off! Or I will be if I don't hang on!
SLAP!
Come back here!
No chance! Giddup!
BUT—
LONDON 20 MILES
I can't stop the pesky brute at all!
WHOA! WHOA! STOP! BAH! It's no use!
AND—
Ah! This is the life!
YEAH! Pity Miss B couldn't join us! HO-HO!
WHOA! STOP! HELP! Will this beast never get tired?
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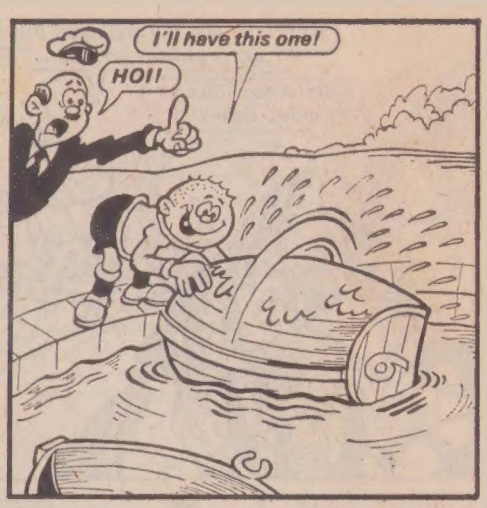
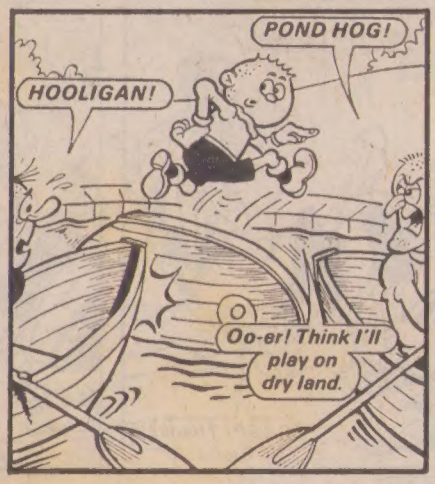
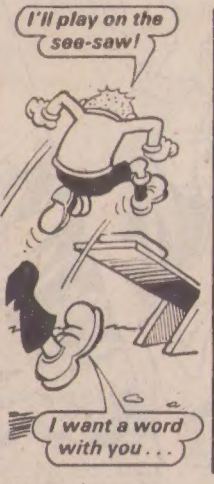
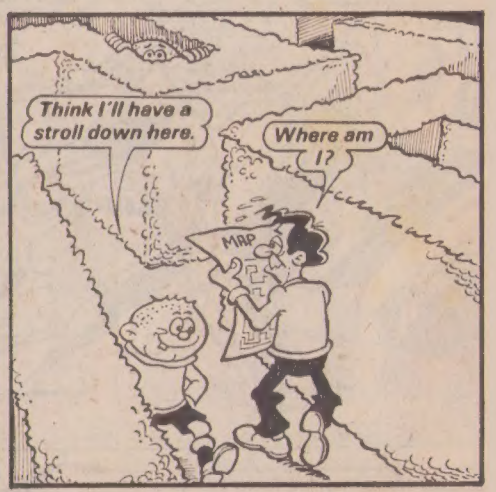
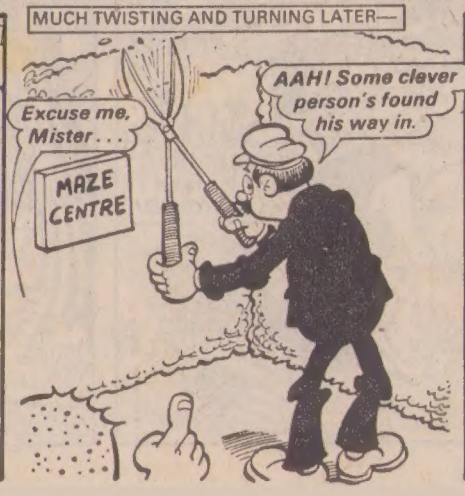
# TWEET WILLIAM









. . . Could you direct me to the maze? I've searched everywhere for it.
AAIEE! Only ONE person could ask such a daft question. HIM!
NTY 20.8.83

# Cannonball Kid

HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY

Well done, Freddie! Now pass it to Cannonball! Pass it to Cannonball!

Here, Cannonball! Wow! I've passed to Specky Sam by mistake!

I'm gonna score! AW! MISSED!

OH, NO! He's skied it!

AFTER THE GAME—

Sorry, Cannonball. In the heat of the moment, I didn't recognise you. That's why I passed to Sam!

HMM! Maybe we could use a set of numbers on our shirts, then.

Mum's hanging out white sheets! That gives me an idea!

What on Earth has happened to my sheets? CANNONBALL!

Sorry, Mum! Can't stop now!

Here's a set of numbers for the backs of our shirts, Lads!

GREAT!

Stand still and I'll sew them on!

HMM! Be careful what you're doing with that needle!

YEEOW! I said be careful!

S-sorry!

JAB!

Come on, you lot. Get out on the pitch now or I'll cancel the game. I've been waiting for ages!

But, Ref! My number is only half-sewn on!

DURING THE GAME—

I've only the goalie to beat now...

OH-OH!

YEEARGH! I've tripped over my blooming shirt number!

GRR! Your bright idea with the numbers cost us the game! Come on and we'll show you what we think you should do!

THERE! Get the message?

SET LOST

GASP!

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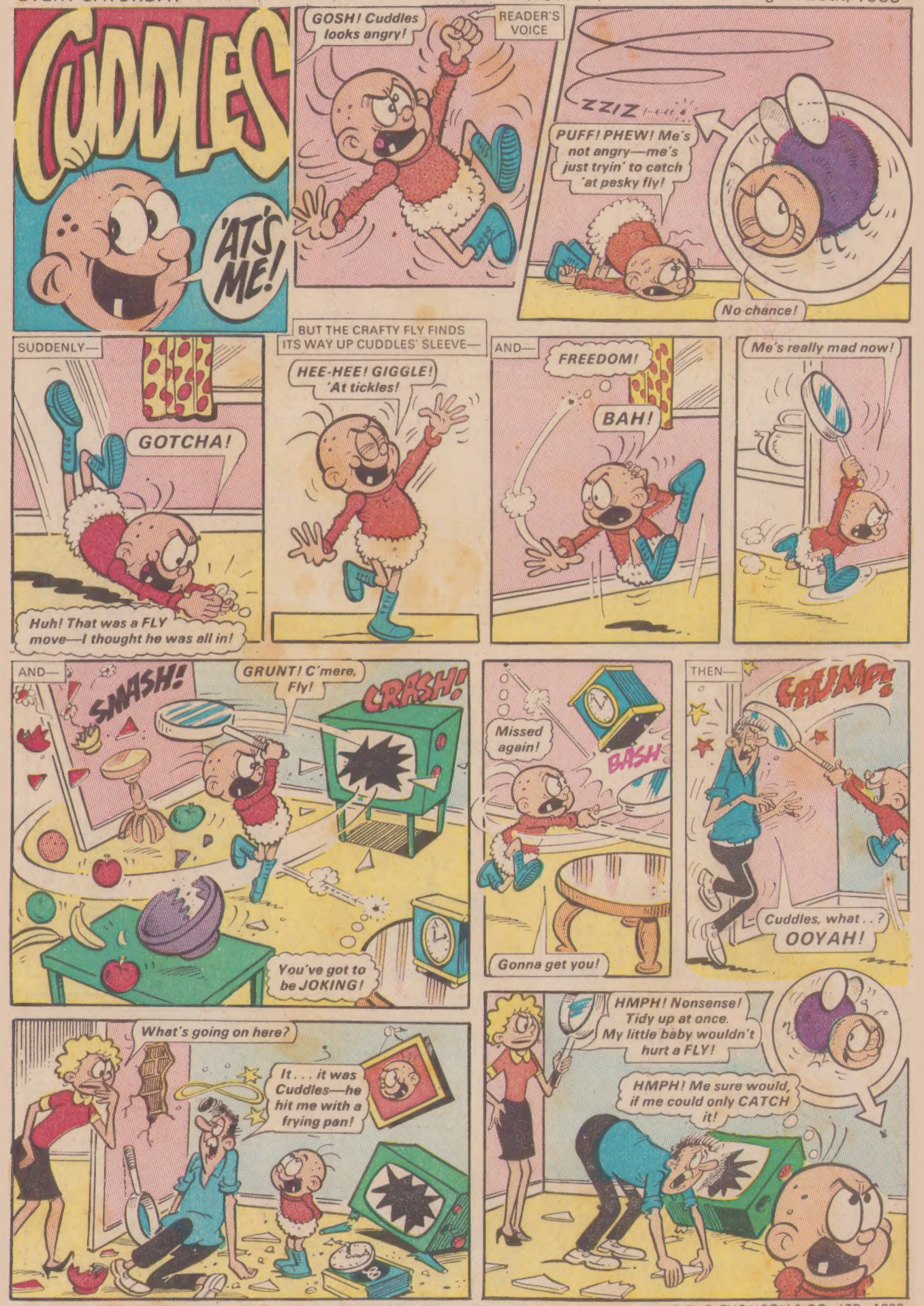


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